

# HASTILY MARRIED AT 16, MRS. MILLS LIVED IN BITTER REGRET OF DEED

## Don't Wed in Haste, Warning Dinned at Charlotte as Child

Now, for the first time, the true background of the mystifying Hall-Mills murder is sketched in all its secret details by the one person who knows them best—Charlotte Mills, daughter of the murdered woman.

In yesterday's chapter, Miss Mills told of the drab existence of her family in their poor little home in New Brunswick, N. J. Even that, she now admits, was better than the suffering she has borne since that horrible day four years ago when her mother was found slain beside the body of the Rev. Edward W. Hall under a lonely crabapple tree.

Those four years of suffering by this innocent young girl have found their first expression in this amazing story of her life. "My Story," by Charlotte Mills, is an extraordinary revelation of life.

Read in today's chapter the advice her poor mother gave her about marriage, and how the wealthy Rev. Mr. Hall used to visit her romance-starved mother in her little home.

## My Own Story of My Mother's Love and Murder



Charlotte Mills

### SCHOOL DAYS

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She was a disciplinarian, mother was, to both of us, my brother, Danny, and me. She came of German people, the Reinhardt, a big family, seven girls and four boys, and they were poor.

My grandfather Reinhardt was a watchman, and used to earn very little for all that family, and they didn't have much, I can tell you. They were brought up pretty sternly.

Although they all finished grammar school, and some of them went to high school, because of the size of the family they went to work as soon as they could. My mother never quite finished high school. She was always bright, and awfully keen on learning, and it nearly broke her heart to have to leave school. Shortly after she left school she was married.

### Crazy About Music

She was crazy about music, and always had the dream of being a singer. She had a pretty soprano voice, and later on she took a few lessons, but there wasn't enough money, and she had to stop before she finished the course. She wasn't happy in her home; there were so many in the family.

She had a girl friend, and one night it was raining hard and the girl friend said: "Here's my brother, Jim, coming down the street; he'll see you home. It's too late for you to go alone in this rain."

Mother was 15, and that was her first meeting with my father. He liked her; nearly everybody liked mother. She was really pretty and bright, with beautiful hazel eyes,

## Seeking to Heal Wounds in Their Hearts



DAN AND CHARLOTTE MILLS, children of the woman who was slain with the Rev. Edward W. Hall on a lonely farm near New Brunswick, N. J., four years ago. At the right is James Mills, husband of the murdered choir singer, locking the Lord Stirling Public School, of which he is the janitor. In her story of her mother's romance Charlotte Mills presents the significant background of Mrs. Eleanor Mills's fatal love.

brown hair that curled naturally and perfectly lovely teeth.

She was 16 when she married, and she did it on an impulse, because she thought it was a way out. It's terrible how girls do such things. She always said to me: "Charlotte, listen kid; never do what I did. Think what you are about. Keep a head on you. Look into the future, and, when you marry, marry a man who feels the same way as you do about things. Promise me."

### Promised Faithfully

And I used to promise her, before I knew hardly what she was talking about.

Mother also used to look at me and say, "Charlotte, you're going to have a hard time when I'm gone. Poor kid, you're going to have an awful time, I'm afraid. Try to remember what I've told you about everything." I think of that often now, and cry and cry.

Mother spoiled me a lot. I guess it's always that way with the first child. She used to make little white dresses for me and try to curl my hair over her fingers with a wet brush. My hair was thick and almost cream-colored, but it wouldn't curl and it always disappointed her. Her hair curled naturally but it was dark.

When she had me all dressed up she'd let me go to my grandmother Reinhardt. They lived about three blocks from us then. A trolley car ran on one of the streets I had to cross. Mother was afraid of the trolley, but I used to yell and carry on terrible if she didn't let me go, and after a while she found I could manage it all right, little as I was.

### Drew Much Praise

I used to be so proud going over there by myself. It took me nearly half an hour, because I always waited at the trolley street until

there was nothing at all in sight. Sometimes ladies would take my hand and help me across, and they always kissed me and made a fuss over my being smart enough to go alone, being so small.

Mother was happy when I got old enough to go to school. One of the things I'll never forget is mother saying about a thousand times, "I want you to have what I didn't." And she used to get out of patience because I was so dumb in my studies.

I remember once I was struggling with an example in arithmetic and couldn't get it. Mother took it and worked it out in about a minute, and I thought my troubles were over. But she wouldn't let me have it. She explained how she did it and made me understand, but then I had to work it out for myself. She said she just wanted to prove she could do it; but she kept saying, "If I do your school work for you, you'll never learn anything."

### Held to Lessons

She was very quick that way and could never see why everybody couldn't do it as quickly as she did. I used to cry over how dumb I was. I used to get furious; I never did like arithmetic, but mother made me stick at it.

Another thing I hated was when she made me join serious things like the Audubon Society Club in school. I didn't want to read about birds and nature. I'd rather have played games and with toys and dolls. Of course I did play, but mother always made me do the other stuff first.

Once, over an arithmetic lesson, she hit me over the hand with a ruler, and when it came out in welts she was so sorry that she cried and hugged me and rocked me and said I could go any place I liked. There was a serial movie being

shown near our house. Mother never let me go to the movies. They were always crimes and mysteries, and she said it was no place for a little girl.

I often think of that now. Poor mother! But this time she let me go, and I had a regular "spree." I'd have been willing to get hit with the ruler every day if she'd let me go to the movies. I've got all over that now; I don't care for them.

### Loved Surprises

If mother was a little bit strict with us sometimes, she always made up for it with some indulgence. She liked to give us surprises. If she wasn't home when Dan and I came in from school, we'd sometimes find a note:—

"Children, look in the oven and you will find two dumplings. One is for Charlotte and one is for Dan, and they are just alike."

### "MOTHER."

She knew that if they weren't just alike, or one was bigger, we'd fight, for we were crazy over dumplings. She made them out of jelly, and the crust that was left over from the pie for dinner, or the apple kuchen! Always two big square pans about two inches deep, with apples cut in half spread over the dough, and raisins, cinnamon, powdered sugar and lots of butter spread over them! Mmm-m, how they used to smell baking!

### "Treated" Rector

Mother always made several. Sometimes she would take one over to the church to Mr. Hall, and he'd eat it in the study; and sometimes he would come to our house, and we children would watch him eat every crumb. He always laughed a lot over his "big appetite," and would pretend to lick off his fingers and chin and beg for more.

I know he liked it, for he never left a single bit on his plate.

But we didn't always find dumplings and apple cake in the oven when we got home from school. Sometimes all we found was a note on the blackboard that stood in the kitchen. Mother drew a chalk mark down through the middle of the board. Over one side was written "Charlotte," and over the other "Daniel," and then she'd write a list of the things I was to do and the things Dan was to do.

I used to make the best of it, but, when Dan saw he was expected to hunt through the neighborhood for the rabbit that had escaped, or polish the silver, or go to the store, he was always sore. He wanted to go and play, and I didn't blame him, although I was four years older.

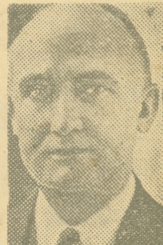
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(In tomorrow's fascinating chapter of "My Story," Charlotte Mills gives a truly intimate picture of the unconventional Rev. Hall and tells how, as a child, she wished he were her father.)

## Cropsey Shelved, Drys Will Name Man for Governor

The nomination of an independent candidate for governor by the drys is likely to be one result of the elimination of Justice

James C. Cropsey of Brooklyn on the Republican ticket through the stand of United States Senator Wadsworth against a dry enforcement plank in the platform.



Justice Cropsey

The Rev. S. E. Nicholson, chairman of the independent Republican campaign committee, formed by the drys to promote the election as senator of Mr. Christman, made it clear yesterday that negotiations already were in progress upstate to select a dry standard-bearer.

## Syrian Tot Wins Asbury Baby Prize

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 2.—Alfred William Green, 5, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chamberlain Green, of Beirut, Syria, was today awarded the long distance prize at the Thirty-fifth Annual Baby Parade, offered for the entry living farthest away. In the parade yesterday was rigged out as a "Yankee Sailor."

The Carnival Week will close Friday night with a great court ball to be given at the Beach Arcade by Queen Titania XXXV.

## Rain Delays Tour Of Welfare Island

Inspection of Welfare Island by Mayor Walker, the Grand Jurors' Association and state and city prison officials in connection with the proposal to transfer all penal institutions to Rikers Island to make Welfare Island a public park, scheduled for today, was postponed until next week on account of rain, according to a statement from the mayor's office.

### PROBE \$2,000,000 GRAFT

BOSTON, Sept. 2 (By U. P.).—Summonses were issued here today for John Dearborn, president, and two other officials of Warren Bros. Company, general contractors, in the alleged \$2,000,000 city hall graft case.